PINCH POINT

Volume six

Ned Baulderstone

Ned Baulderstone released his debut album “Gliding Through” in April of this year. Since the release he has been playing local and regional shows, including a June residency at the Uni Bar as apart of the Future Sounds programme.

Starting out in the world of theatre, Ned has transformed into a raw lyricist, foregoing the perfection of classical technique to celebrate authenticity with every performance. After years of working on various projects, including the psychedelic rock band *Pink Duke,* and more recently touring with *Druid Fluids,* Ned has also found his voice among intimate acoustic performance.

Music has been a constant in Ned's life. While his theatre experience solidified his performative abilities, the influences of Neil Young, Bob Dylan, and Irish songwriter Glenn Hansard shaped his approach to songwriting. “I saw the movie *Once* and knew I wanted to learn acoustic guitar and write songs and play them live.”

His vast experience with touring, especially across Europe and Australia with *Druid Fluids* has “always been the goal” for Ned’s music career. And while he continues to thrive in this band setting, Ned has also begun to lean into a solo space.

His debut solo album represents a collection of songs spanning six to seven years back and some as recent as days before recording, each was recorded with intentional immediacy. “I wanted the process to be super organic, in the sense that we do a couple of takes and then move on so the energy wasn’t lost. We did all the recording, overdubs and mixing in seven days.”

The album also marks a significant shift in Ned's approach to lyrical storytelling. Having received classical singing training in his youth,

he made the conscious choice to change that ‘perfectionist’ approach. “I could always sing well. And it took me a while to be able to drop that and realise that I didn't want to sing for the sake of sounding nice, I wanted to sing for the sake of saying something.”

This authenticity is undeniable in the narrative and vernacular of each song. “I wanted it to be a South Australian sounding album and I wanted to talk about things that were real and experiences that I've actually had, rather than fiction.”

Ned's songwriting influences reflect this commitment to Australian storytelling. Among national influences of Paul Kelly and Josh Pyke, Watty Thompson stands out as a key inspiration, with his “very Australian storyteller” who uses his songwriting to tell stories “about loving your friends, living simply and respecting your parents”.

With his growing experience under this more authentic stage performance, Ned has also learnt the value of each song’s message. “I have a lot more fun playing the happy songs than the sad songs live. Going forward, I want every song that I write to have an optimistic outlook."

Looking ahead, Ned remains focused on growing his audience while still celebrating the intimacy and excitement that can be created and shared on stage.

From his roots in theatrics to his newfound lyrical authenticity, Ned Baulderstone embodies the courage required to strip away technical perfection and performative personas, and instead celebrate yourself at your most vulnerable and true.

Boudi

Combining the wonder of our childhood fictional stories with her technical skill, Boudi's work continues to exemplify the joy that art brings. Being an avid artist today, it's no wonder that art was a major part of Boudi's childhood too.

"I started when I was pretty little, like as soon as I could probably hold a pencil, because my dad's an artist. So, I took a lot of inspiration from him, even though we've got two very different styles. I just really enjoyed watching him do art, and it made me really want to draw like [him]."

Today, Boudi's style is greatly inspired by anime line art, with every piece made entirely on paper. But her artistic passion isn't purely aesthetics — it has become an essential part of her self-expression: "I think it's a bit more than a hobby, because it really helps me regulate how I feel. When I feel a bit sad, or even when I feel happy, I like to draw."

This emotional connection to her work extends into own storytelling, where her illustrations are directly inspired by her written stories. Influenced by J.R.R Tolkien's world-building, Boudi creates her own characters—elves, halflings, and fantastical creatures that fill both her stories and illustrations. "I love creating my own characters, because I also love writing stories as well, so I love drawing my own characters for my stories."

While her influences span from Ian Miller's intricate ink work to the emotive techniques of renowned manga, Boudi's commitment to traditional media sets her apart in an increasingly digital world.

I love sensory stuff, so I love the feel of felt-tip pens on the paper. And it also encourages being natural, cause I can make a mistake, but call it a

happy accident. So, even if it doesn't always work out the way I thought, it's okay, because it makes every piece really special."

Working as a childcare educator, this approach naturally informs her daily teachings, allowing her to teach children the importance of art. And it is this intersection that continues to validate Boudi's artistic philosophy — that creativity is not confined by age or perceived sophistication.

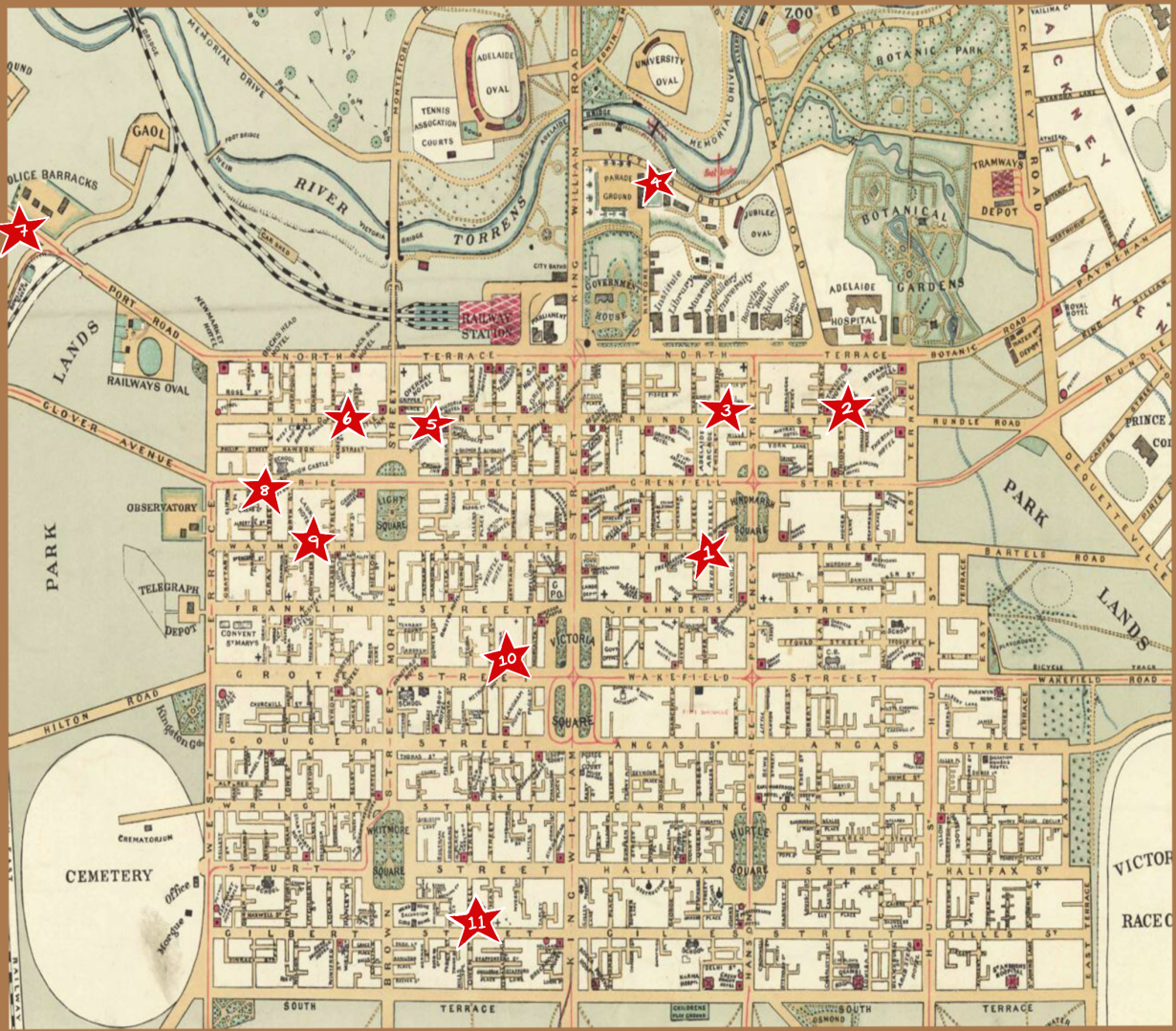
Despite her passion, Boudi recognises the challenges of sharing her work to a wider audience.

"I find it hard to get my art out there, because I feel like even if I'm happy with it, once I get it out there, I think I could have done better or that people would like someone else's more."

However this self-doubt hasn't stopped Boudi from working towards her artistic goals.

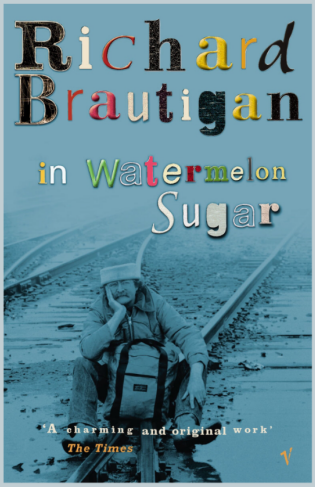
"Once I finish one of my stories, I would like to combine it with my art into a comic. And I've got some album covers already done for *Overdue Fiction* that will come out soon."

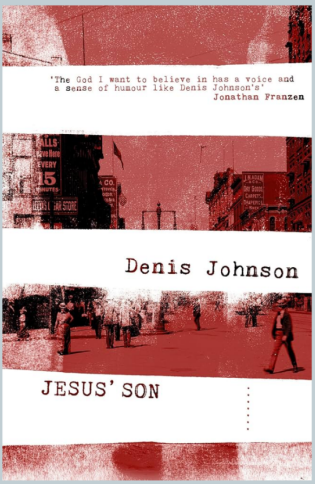
Through her commitment to traditional media, her celebration of both childhood imagination and technical skill, and her integration of visual and written storytelling, Boudi offers a refreshing approach to contemporary illustration that reminds us of the joy brought by putting pen to paper.

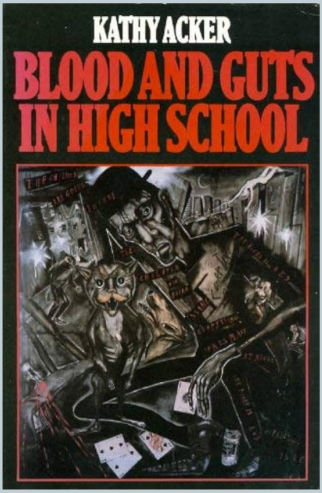


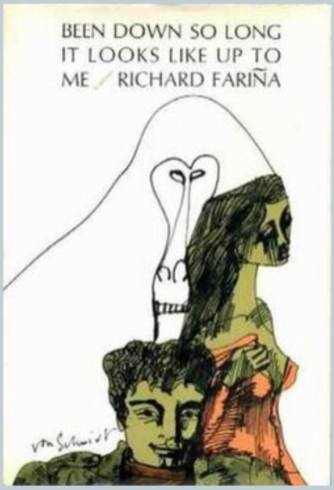
Adelaide
GIG MAP

1. *Rhino Room*
2. *The Exeter*
3. *The Austral*
4. *Uni Bar*
5. *Ancient World*
6. *Lowlife*
7. *The Weatsheaf*
8. *The Cranker*
9. *The Grace Emily*
10. *The Metro*
11. *Gilbert Street Hotel*


Richard Brautigan
in Watermelon Sugar
'A charming and original work'
The Times


'The God I want to believe in has a voice and a sense of humour like Denis Johnson's'
Jonathan Franzen
Denis Johnson
JESUS' SON


KATHY ACKER
BLOOD AND GUTS IN HIGH SCHOOL


BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE UP TO ME
RICHARD FARIÑA

I was on Dexies

She was the siren of the night. Blood-soaked red silk draped desperately around her curves. And her hair was Byzantine gold. My eyes were set on her from the other end of the pub, through the smoke, fixated like an alcoholic at spilled wine. I wanted, with the last vestiges of my inhibitions, to stay away from her. From her smile, that damned carnivorous grin. Sweet but lethal. And yet- my lord- yet, at the same time, I wanted to go in for the kill, with visceral speed, with *Sang Froid*, like I was driving the blade into the heart of Caesar beneath the flickering light of a dying empire. And I knew, in all my stupidity, that this was another stage high. Another attempt at cashing in on a lost wager. But my skin was live wire, my soul seduced, my senses punched up beyond eleven- borderline midnight- and what was left of my mind was manic. *Fuck,* I thought, *what's the fucking point?* She was down to play. Always up for it. The charm of the nocturnal. And I was in her sacred hours. Had to be careful. Like a rebel in her reign. Like Icarus laughing at the sun. And she could tear me to pieces with her tongue. Slide it slow between the ribs and tear me separate from sanity. Fracture my arrogance. And I'd spend countless hours in my room, afraid of the mirrors, afraid of the world. She could fill my heart with hurricanes, heavy with hatred. Turn it inwards. And send me head-first into self-destruction. Maybe that was what drew me to her. Maybe that was her allure. That viciousness. That was excitement. I was both in maenadic ecstasy and pure fucking terror. Twin tracking towards disaster... But I wanted her to violate me. I wanted to sink my teeth into her. To devour her and be devoured. Still, I had not the chance. Not the slightest *damn* chance! Maybe... Maybe the whistle of death blew long ago over the trenches. Maybe I was breathing in the minutes that shouldn't have existed. *I'm escaping fate.* Maybe the battle was already lost and I was dead. Or should have been long ago. All I had to do was go in and face it. *What do I say? Do I ask her out? Nah, that's too... Fuck it!* And with that, in my utter Dionysian madness, off I went- To flirt with my own darling demise...

Danny

Danny’s experience with the creative world is one many can resonate with. While being a Computer Science student, he finds himself more naturally falling into the world of literature, using writing as a means of externalising the feelings that cannot be spoken aloud. Having arrived in Adelaide just three months ago, Danny hasn’t simply found a home in this city’s artistic spaces, but a lifeline for his transgressive literary voice.

Danny's relationship with writing verges on antagonistic. “I really hate writing. It's not something I enjoy — it's something I have to do. Most time, I write about something that I can't talk to anyone about, because if I do people will probably think, 'let me get your ticket to the psych ward'. But if I don't put it out, I feel like I'm suffocating."

This tension between necessity and reluctance has come to define Danny's creative process. While playing with writing early in his adolescence, he considers those "mostly shit because [he] tried to make it for others." It's only recently that he's begun celebrating his raw emotions, channelling the authentic rather than prioritising what others want to read.

Despite many seeing mathematics and literature as two very separate worlds, Danny finds himself drawn to its undeniable connection. “I think there's a correlation between maths and writing. Like there's something mathematical infused within literature. It's something magical, but I just can't put my finger on it.”

The combination of this two worlds is undeniable in his many literary influences.”The Secret History is a big influence. When I finished that book I felt sad, because it felt like I had lost some friends. It really spoke to me in a way. And then I read Zusak, Dostoevsky. I resonate with them, but they don't relax me. When I read them, it’s like I'm going in there dissecting every word, playing with the tempo, figuring out how it works so that I can apply it myself.”

This analytical approach is reflected in Danny's style, forcing people to confront the uncomfortable. "My work, I like to think, is very transgressive. I just say what I want to say. Sometimes it's not pretty, sometimes it makes people go ahhh, and I kind of enjoy that. It's like I'm bleeding myself onto the page and holding nothing back."

While taking time to find this space, Danny feels that "this is [his] calling" — a life he's "willing to die for". And it was within the walls of The Cranker that he found validation in his work. "The first poem I wrote, I printed it out, put it in a cigarette box, left it in the Crown, and a week later I found it stuck into the walls of the bathroom and, I kind of liked it."

The Crown and Anchor has become central to Danny's Adelaide experience and creative development. "This is the place of artists. Everyone's fucked up, but everyone has a story. You grab a beer, talk to them 15 minutes, and you gain a new perspective. I'm from a third world country, and I was intimidated by everyone when I got here. And then I saw this place, with people walking in and out, music, and I talked to myself to think I could be a part of that. Now every Monday, I play pool and write."

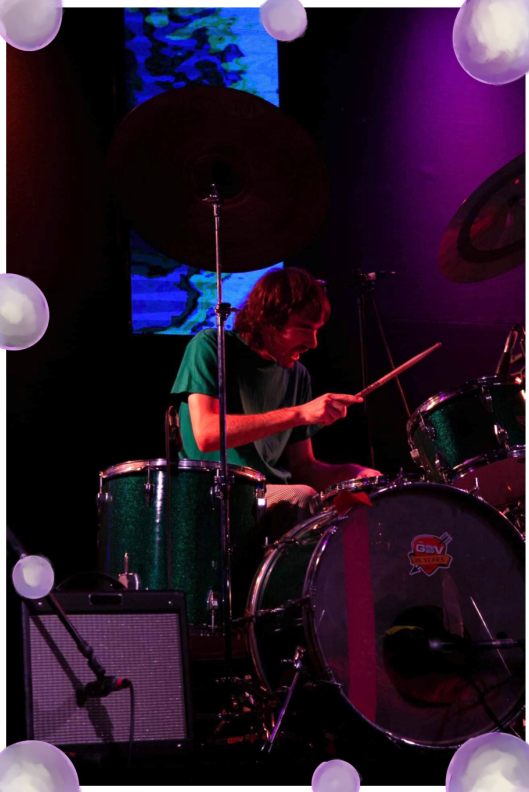
While returning home in the near future, his brief but intense immersion in Adelaide's creative scene has allowed Danny to discover that art emerges not just from inspiration, but from necessity.

Ad Abyssum

I know in time, you won't remember me. My words will turn to dust within my chest. And I wish my words were heard. I wish a lot of things. But we are all draped in reality. And I've transgressed enough. But I will bleed on this page. And I will say- thank you. Thank you for smiling at me. Thank you for smoking cigarettes with me. Thank you for almost getting us killed- and laughing. Thank you for laughing mad while you did it. I love your laughter. You laugh like a child. Without any damn care in the world. And your eyes gleam like stolen jewels when you do. And thank you for making me feel insignificant. For making me feel like I'm nothing next to you. That is how great you are. And I'll take that hurt. Anyday, Anytime. Wear it like a laurel of loss. A war wound that I'll guard proudly like a relic. However, I will never say I love you. I will never come clean. I'll hide behind my clever smiles and stupid jokes. And I'll get out of any traps you set for me (how bold and narcissistic of me to assume you will!) and I'll make my "one last grand escape" every night. Slip past the gate before dawn catches me. I'll talk my way out of the King's Gordian Knot like I'm Houdini with my words. Odysseus with my lies. But know that I will desperately restrain myself from spilling my guts out. Cage myself within my mask. Within smoke, spirals, and chaos. And I will wish to say that I do want you. And I won't care if you wanted to take me for a ride under the night and leave me deserted. I'll punch that ticket. Go all in. No damn regrets. Because, in all my stupidity, I know that this ain't a fairy tale. No happy endings for men like me. And I won't hold anything against you when the chips fall where they may and clarity hits me like a morning after a night spent drunk. I wish you would know that I get it. I won't say that I love you... because it might be true. And if I do- in any moment of weakness and vulnerability- then know that I don't mean I want everything from you. It would be ignorant- arrogant even- and greedy of me to do that. What I would mean with my words is this; *Hurt me, scar me, burn me viscerally, leave me in utter ruin.* I've felt it before, and I know what it feels like. I *know* what I'm asking for. It knows me like no stranger. And I'm strapped in for it. Take me to the end of the world. To the end of time. *Ad Abyssum, sine redemtione.* Leave me there alone. And you'll find my corpse with a smile... Because I am prepared to be *devastated* by you.

SONGS ARE SPELLS

As an aspiring songwriter, and feature of many renowned local bands, Tom (Sunspots) has become well traversed in the world of Adelaide music. But whether playing with *Bromham*, on tour with *Ella Ion*, or beginning new work with band *Close Friends,* Tom's love for music always finds itself drawn back to the authenticity brought by songwriting.



That's what led him to create *Songs Are Spells* — a live music event that refuses structured performance to celebrate the raw spontaneity of music. First held in October of 2024 at the Wheatsheaf Hotel, this event is coming back again this August with an exciting new line up. Built upon the intimacy that can be created between performers and their audience, Tom has introduced a new identity within Adelaide's gig culture.

"The premise was to make it as non-traditional of a gig as possible. I'd seen song circles done at folk festivals before, where over the course of the festival, people, artists or bands would be given a theme, and would take turns performing and telling stories in response to it. So I wanted to take that idea, but not necessarily with one specific theme; leave it open-ended and put it on the audience to dictate where the night goes."

His first show — featuring musicians Aisha Winter, Sofia Menguita, and Effie Isobel, alongside himself — captured Tom's vision of capturing "pure fashion" of songwriting and allowing audiences to see the rawness of its performers, stripped away from the bands they traditionally play with.

"It's unpredictable and it's impossible to plan for. Live music is more *live* than recorded music. But I suppose this is almost a more extreme version where songwriters have no idea what songs they'll play. It's almost even more *live* than live!"

For Tom, and the artists featured, this isn't just a stylistic experiment, but rather, a deliberate space to strip back performance and bring audiences closer to the work they love.

"There aren't many spaces where the audience and the performers bleed in together. There's the gig etiquette that is really great in the right circumstances, but I want to try and bring audiences in and say 'hey, you're here with us and we're co-creating this space together.'"

The next edition, performing on the 14th of August, brings together Grace Vandals, Swan Reach and Tom West — three very distinct songwriters.

"Erin (Swan Reach), I saw play in Perfect 50 recently and just adored the songwriting, without even knowing about her solo project! Then there's Grace Vandals who is just storming the scene right now with her debut album, *What Can I Burn Here?*. And Tom West who, however nomadic, has been such an important artist to me in Adelaide music - and in fact, inspired this event after I saw him in a song circle at Philadelphia Folk Festival many years ago."

While *Songs Are Spells* currently lives at the Wheaty, Tom's not ruling out a more nomadic future for the event. "The Wheatsheaf works because it's seated and intimate, but I'm curious about other spaces—non-traditional venues, houses or even Rewind Studios would be cool."

Songs are Spells isn't about perfect performances or polished personas. It's about the people that make Adelaide's artistic

community. Their songs, their stories, and the magic that can happen when you stop and let yourself speak freely.

Tickets to the August show are available via the QR code below.

SONGS ARE SPELLS
VOLUME 2
SWAN REACH
GRACE VANDALS
TOM WEST
SUNSPOTS
THURS 14/8 6:30PM
WHEATSHEAF HOTEL
$15 PRESALE $20 DOOR

DIETER HORVAT

Moving between the intimacy of solo performances with the bombastic energy of his band *The Sundials*, Dieter Horvat captures a unique balance of quiet introspection and explosive rock and roll.

Despite his deep connection with music today, this path was never the plan. Despite childhood piano and flute lessons, Dieter's real musical journey began at 15 when he bought his first guitar. Unlike many of his peers who started performing in their teens, Dieter didn't take the stage until his early 20s, finding that self-directed learning suited him better than formal pressure.

“-I have so many friends that had to learn an instrument or did quite well through high school because they were forced to. But when that pressure's off them, suddenly they don't want to do it anymore. But I didn't really have that. Things like songwriting and making music and playing guitar — those are things that stuck because I wanted to do them.”

This self-motivated approach extends beyond music into programming, with the release of his latest single being accompanied by a game he programmed himself. And it’s with this autodidactic philosophy that has allowed Dieter to expand into various different crafts.

His band *The Sundials* emerged from an unexpected opportunity from the owner of Arthur Art Bar, who reached out for a Rolling Stones tribute show following the death of the band's drummer. And what began as a one-off performance evolved into something much larger, growing from their initial band to the group we see today — a name that has become solidified in Adelaide’s indie scene.

For Dieter, songwriting has always been deeply personal.

“I started writing songs like journal entries almost, thinking that I wasn't going to show them to anyone. And after getting better and playing to people that enjoyed them, that kind of method really stuck with me. So now, I can point at a song and be like, this song is about this person during this window of time when this was happening. It's like catharsis. Songwriting for me has always been catharsis.”

The contrast between his solo and band personas reflects his artistic range. While The Sundials channels the interactive energy of his rock influences — particularly Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young's harmony-heavy sound — his solo work seeks to reclaim the intimate connection that first drew him to music.

"I think I can be so bombastic in the band. But playing alone, it sort of feels like I've lost the ability to be quiet. A great solo performance can be very intimate. You can have like ten people in a crowd and it feels really personal."

It’s this type of intimacy that Adelaide's community thrives on. “In Adelaide, it's a community, because you know everyone. Everyone is in somebody else's band, so it's like a web of connections. It’s fun to go out, because if you see a band playing, you're mostly likely to know someone in the crowd, or you know someone who's playing."

Working on a future solo EP, more work with The Sundials, and smaller projects alongside, Dieter has no plans of stopping. Whether channelling his personal struggles into triumphant rock anthems, or exploring deeply personal connections with audiences, Dieter Horvat continues to represent the value of authenticity and the joy of self-directed learning.

His latest release, *When You Don’t Need Me Anymore,* is available to play and listen to via the QR code below.

The Incredible String Band
The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter

Vashti Bunyan
Just Another Diamond Day

Shirley and Dolly Collins
Anthems in Eden

Josephine Foster
Hazel Eyes, I Will Lead You

Mimi and Richard Fariña
Celebrations of a Grey Day

Elizabeth Cotton
Folksongs and Instrumentals with Guitar

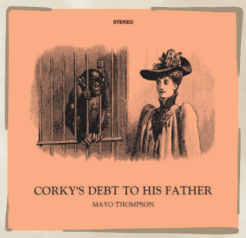
Fairport Convention
Unhalfbricking

Harry Smith's
Anthology of American Folk Music

John Faye
Fare Forward Voyagers

Gillian Welch
Time (The Revelator)

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy
Master and Everyone



Mayo Thompson
Corky's Debt to his Father

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